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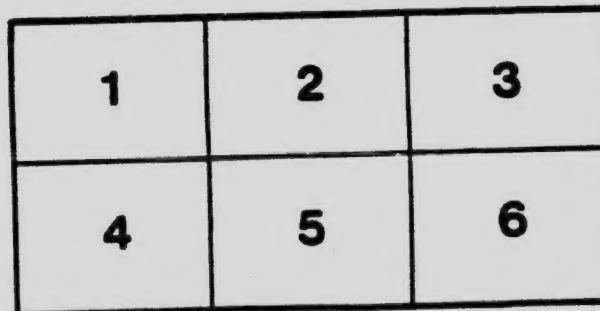
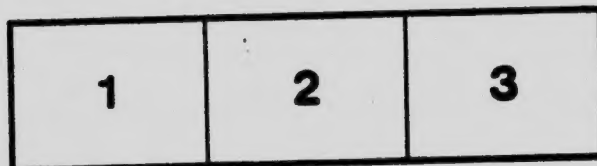
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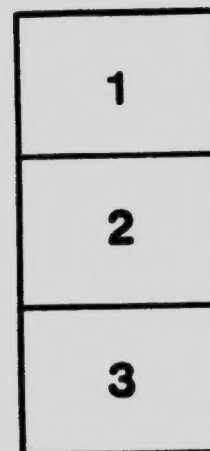
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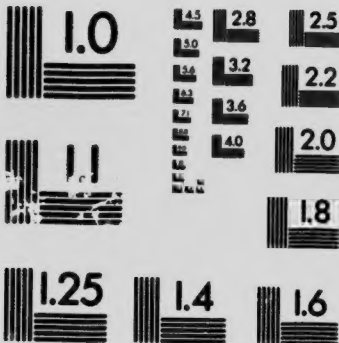
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**The Sleeping Beauty
and the Lions**



The Sleeping Beauty and the Lions

A new legend that has recently come to light
of the famous mountains situated across
Burrard Inlet from Vancouver



By
JANE PARKIN
and
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Vancouver, British Columbia
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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE LIONS



H, you want to hear the Scottish legend of those wonder' mountains, do you?" hinted the elderly Scot-born-in-Canada, as he prepared his pipe for a fresh smoke. "Well, since you appreciate legends, I will tell you this one, though it is only given to those who will understand, as I think you do."

As this was great praise from the Scot, I looked my thanks, and waited appreciatively.

"Long years ago," he began, "when Canada was but a young child among the nations, there lived in good old Scotland, the Earl of Creigleigh, famous for his wealth in gold and lands. While she was still young, his beautiful wife departed into the next world very suddenly, and left him something even more valuable than gold—a young daughter.

"The Earl, being quite a young man, soon forgot his sorrow and his home ties in general, and most especially his little daughter. He travelled in gay company and began to play fast and loose with his fortune, till it seemed that all of his vast heritage must surely slip from him unless someone came to his rescue.

"This downward path led along many years and the Earl became as famous for his losses as he had once been for his gains. But he was brought suddenly to his senses one day when the young Prince of Orno came to him and practically demanded the hand of his daughter, the Lady Jean, in marriage. The Earl had almost forgotten that he had a daughter, and was greatly taken aback by the thought that any man should want to become his son-in-law.

"He demurred at first, till he began to realize that unless he acceded to the demands of the prince all his lands and what remained of his fortune would be taken from him. He remembered, too, that he was most deeply in debt to the young prince, who was notoriously fast and whose main pastime was found in wine and cards, to say nothing of pretty women.

"The Prince of Orno, while travelling near the Creighleigh estate had seen the Lady Jean, learned who she was, and being greatly taken with her fresh young beauty, decided that he would marry her. His hold on the Earl made him sure of his answer; that was why he demanded, instead of asked, for her hand.

"Thinking the matter over did the Earl no good. If he refused his daughter's hand, he would lose a great deal and possibly everything. If she became the wife of the prince, he, the Earl, would be settled and safe for life.

"The day that the prince had announced for his arrival at the castle, the Earl called his daughter to him. Her wonderful beauty and rare grace astonished him, and in her his dead wife lived over again. Remorse overtook him, but only for a brief period. He had told the prince he could come for his answer, and as that answer meant good for the remaining male member of the Creighleigh family, it must be in the affirmative.

"In a few words he told his daughter what was expected of her. Then he bade her retire to her chamber and adorn herself as became the affianced bride of a prince of the land, since the suitor for her hand would be at the castle that evening and require her answer.

"The terrified girl wept and implored her father not to make this terrible thing possible.

"'Father, you cannot mean it to be true,' she cried. 'I have never seen this prince to know him. I have never even been in the company of gentlemen, and for one to come and ask

my hand in marriage before I know whether I love him or not—it is infamous. I cannot—I will not obey you.'

" 'You will do as I say,' roared her father. 'Do not dare disobey me. Now to your chamber, you ungrateful wench, and make yourself handsome for your bridegroom.'

"Poor Lady Jean went to her room broken-hearted. She was only sixteen years old, and did not feel very wise, nor very strong to oppose the will of her father. She sobbed out her sorrow to her old nurse, who had taken care of her all her life, and who loved her as her own.

" 'There, there, lambie,' soothed old Nancy, 'don't be taking on so. You do just as your own pure heart tells you. When the time comes, you go down stairs and do and say just as you feel. Old Nancy knows that all will turn out well.'

"The Lady Jean and old Nancy had for a long time been in the habit of going out on the estate, in the fields and among the woods, for romps with the great dogs that belonged to the castle. One day, when Jean had thrown her ball to a dog, it had rolled down a hill into a meadow where a young shepherd was minding his flock. The ball rolled near him, and as he looked up he saw the young girl coming toward him looking for it. He picked it up and, as he handed it to her, marvelled at her young beauty. She, on the other hand, thanked him shyly and realized that he was very handsome and seemed superior to most shepherd lads.

"This was but the beginning. It became a regular thing for her to go toward the valley meadow and there meet Kenneth, the young shepherd, and play games with him or help him watch the sheep while old Nancy looked on. The great Earl knew nothing of all this, or of the attachment that had sprung up between the two young people.

"When the prince arrived at the castle, the Earl sent for his daughter and received her alone in his study. He admired

her gown and her beauty and then told her that the prince was waiting for her.

"At that the terrified girl fell upon her knees before him and implored him not to expect her to obey him. Then, as he remained firm, the story of her love for the young shepherd came tumbling out.

" 'I cannot, cannot marry the prince, father, when I love Kenneth. I will never, never marry anyone but him,' sobbed the girl.

"The Earl in a fine rage ordered her back to her chamber. 'Since you are likely to give some such story to the prince, I will answer him for you. I will be obeyed. You will marry Prince Orno. Now go,' he thundered.

"As the frightened girl flew to obey, the Earl sat down heavily in a huge chair, and began to ponder as to how he would be able to compel his daughter to do his will.

" 'She shall, no matter how, but she shall,' he shouted aloud at last, and banged his hand on the arm of his chair.

"As he did this the arm flew open, revealing a secret hiding place. This secret had been lost for decades and almost forgotten by the family. The Earl gasped in astonishment and peered into the arm chair. To his further amazement, there before him lay the famous talisman (wishing stone) which had been supposed to be lost for centuries.

"Forgetful of his distinguished guest, the Earl took this wonderful stone up in his hand and pondered over its supposed power. Then, as he was in a towering rage anyhow, he, on an impulse, wished that his refractory daughter was on the top of a high mountain in a country across the sea. That she would be so placed that she must always gaze at the stars and not be able to look down the mountain. Also that two monster lions should lie at her feet and guard her. And there she was to remain until the prince of her choice should find her.

"He did not in his rage and excitement realize what he was really doing, and, in his fuming, dropped the wishing stone. It rolled under a large piece of furniture, where a playful collie found it and, thinking it something to play with, carried it out into the fields.



WISHING STONE OF CREIGLEIGH

"No sooner was the Earl's wish spoken than his daughter was transported to the top of a mountain close by the Pacific Ocean, in Canada. There she fell asleep, her profile showing clear against the northern sky. Two great lions, a male and a female, came and crouched at her feet and guarded her night and day.

"Meanwhile, the whole castle was astir because the Lady Jean could not be found. Runners and criers were sent out without avail. Suddenly the Earl remembered the wishing stone and realized what he had done. He then offered huge rewards for the return of the stone, but even that could not be found. He did not tell his household or the Prince of Orno of his unholy wish; he was afraid to do that.

"As time went on and the Lady Jean could not be found, the Earl, overcome with remorse, lost his reason, and was cared for by the now bitter old nurse, Nancy. The Earl sat day after day in the great chair that had been his undoing, and repeated over and over again the words on the wishing stone, 'And a little lamb shall lead him.'

"Prince Orno, deprived of his bride so mysteriously and suddenly, became a changed man, and started out determined to find the Lady Jean if she was still alive. He travelled the world almost over in his search.

"One day, while among the mountains of Canada, his Indian guide told him of the beautiful sleeping beauty mountain, and that it stood close to the Pacific Ocean. The prince decided to view this wonder and travelled hence. As he stood before it and gazed on the mountain known as the 'Sleeping Beauty,' he fancied that the outline of this phenomenon resembled that of the lost Lady Jean.

"He determined to get nearer to it, but as he approached the mountain a great roaring assailed his ears, as of wild animals enraged. Then as he advanced still further the great lions guarding the sleeping beauty rose and, in evident anger, shook their mighty heads and roared as never lions roared before. Very much amazed, the prince retreated, being, as it were, pushed back by some unseen power. At last he fled down the mountain, and shortly afterwards set out on his homeward journey.

"In the meantime, Kenneth, the young shepherd, in despair over the loss of the Lady Jean, almost gave up all hope of ever seeing his little sweetheart again. He wandered lonesomely through the fields day after day and never ceased to wonder what he could do to find her.

"One day, while going through a wood, he discovered an old woman lying on the ground. He hurried to her and found that she had hurt her foot. He picked her up and carried her to her little hut in the woods, and there did everything he could for her comfort, even to the making of a refreshing brew of mead.

" 'Why look you so sad and lonely, my brave lad?' asked the old woman.

"At this and comforted by her sympathetic look, Kenneth told her of all his trouble and the great loss of the Lady Jean whom he loved.

" 'Ah, lad, moping never found fair dame. You have shown me what a good lad you are, what a kind heart you have, and that you are not above helping an old woman in trouble, so I will do what I can to help you find your Lady Jean. Go out of doors for a wee while, and when you hear three bells ring, come in again.'

"Kenneth did as he was told, and on his return was almost blinded by the candle light that seemed to fill the hut. By the fireside sat a beautiful old lady, and in her hand she held what seemed to be a round stone with a hole in it, through which a fine gold chain had been run.

" 'Come here, lad,' she called to Kenneth. 'You see the writing on this stone says: "And a little lamb shall lead him." Now, never part with this stone or all its charm wi'll be lost.'

"She then put the chain around his neck and bade him tuck the talisman in his blouse.

"Go, search the world and find your Lady Jean," she directed. "You will have many hardships on your way, but keep a stout heart and all will go well with you in the end. You must start on your journey at once and travel to a great mountain lying beside the mighty Pacific Ocean. It is a long and weary way from here, but your reward is sure. Keep going till you find the sleeping beauty and then the wishing stone will do its work."

"The young shepherd, his heart aglow with hope and anticipation, begged a blessing from the old woman, and knelt to receive it. Then, without a backward look, he started out on his long journey.

"He experienced many hardships and discouragements, and was almost ready to give up and believe that the old woman had but made a fool of him, when he by chance heard of the wonderful mountain upon which a beauty slept. He had by that time practically forgotten what the old dame had told him about the sleeping beauty, but curiosity led him to decide to see this mountain by the Pacific Ocean before he returned to Scotland.

"He secured an Indian guide who seemed to know all about the wonderful mountain. Their way led through mountain vastnesses and great forests and gave them many experiences with wild animals, some of which nearly cost them their lives.

"One fine morning Kenneth directed his guide to remain in camp while he went out by himself. He turned his face westward and travelled all day with the sun. He was about to turn back when he heard the old familiar cry of a lost lamb. His heart gave a great bound; he seemed to be at home again among his sheep. Thinking of nothing but the lamb, he hurried to where he heard the cry, hoping to be able to comfort or help the little animal. With difficulty he managed to scramble past the boulder, and there stood amazed at what lay before him.

"The sun was setting, and the reflection of the mountains was most gorgeous in coloring. Gold joined purple, and orange merged into blue. While he gazed enraptured, the mountains seemed to take form, and there on the top of one of them seemed outlined against the northern sky a beautiful woman lying asleep. Close by on the top of another mountain were what appeared to be two huge lions as if guarding the woman.

"Wonderingly he drew near, and memory began to work. He thrust his hand in his bosom and clasped the talisman which always hung about his neck. As he drew still nearer, the two monster lions rose and with a tremendous roar fled down the other side of the mountain and into the dense forest.

"At that moment the mountain upon which the woman slept seemed to quiver. Kenneth watched, fascinated, and saw the form of a beautiful woman rise up from its mountain bed and come smiling toward him with outstretched arms. With a glad cry, he sprang forward as he recognized his lost sweetheart, the Lady Jean. She had grown into beautiful young womanhood, but was his lady-love just the same.

"Few were the words they spoke. Hearts have a better language than words at times. Finally, hand in hand, they turned toward the foot of the mountain, talking softly and joyfully as they walked.

"As they neared the sea, they turned to look at the mountain where the Lady Jean had rested enchanted for so many years. They were then amazed to see that it still retained its outline, which was exactly as if the Lady Jean were lying there. On the other mountain the earth had gradually formed about the lions like a blanket to shield them from the winter storms and now that they had fled, their perfect shape remained.

"'Isn't it wonderful?' whispered Lady Jean. 'It will always remain so.'

"They stood hand in hand for a long time gazing at the wonderful work of Nature. Then the Lady Jean, turning to look into the eyes of her lover, noticed the talisman which hung at the end of its slender chain.

" 'What is that queer thing you are wearing?' she asked.

" 'That is the wishing stone my fairy godmother gave me to wear. She said it would help me to find you; that when I heard the cry of a little lamb I would be near you. The inscription on the stone reads something like that. She told me, however, that the power of the stone would only work when it was in the hands of a member of the house of Creigleigh.'

"Wonderingly the Lady Jean took the stone in her hand and read the inscription.

" 'Oh, I wish we were home in dear Scotland,' she said, not thinking of the power she held in her hand.

"No sooner were the words spoken than she and Kenneth were standing before her father in the great library of the castle of Creigleigh.

"The Earl, now a sad old man, had recovered his reason.

"At the sight of the two young people, the old man trembled, then held out a shaking hand and touched his daughter. Finding her real, he fell upon his knees before her and begged forgiveness.

"The Lady Jean, her heart full of tenderness and love, put her arms about him and the blessed reunion came to pass.

"That, my friend," said the elderly Scot, as he tapped his pipe on his heel to empty the ashes, "is how the mountains of the Sleeping Beauty and the Lions came by their name and shape."

